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# THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

PALISSY AND HIS SEARCH FOR ENAMELS. *See page 173.*

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

## A Struggle for Life.

EDGAR lived in a pleasant house, with barns and stables and sheds and fields all round it. In front there was a large garden, and at the side was an orchard where great cherry and walnut trees grew, as well as apple, pear, and plum trees. The house stood near a quaint old country town, a sleepy little place, dull and very quiet except when the tide came in; then the water roared, and the children ran and shouted,—

"Flee, oh!
Fly, oh!
The tide's coming
High, oh!"

For that town stands near the sea, and its river is a tidal river; and more than that, it has a "bore," a rare thing in rivers.

"Bore" is a name given to the tide of a river when, instead of rising by degrees and taking many hours to reach high water, as the tides of the river Thames and most of our English rivers do, it comes in a great wave, with a sudden rush and a great roaring. And woe betide any one who is near low-water line when that wave comes; for if he cannot get away very quickly he will be caught in the tide and drowned. The danger would be much greater but that the roaring of the water can be heard a long way, and this gives boys at play and men at work by the river timely warning that the tidal wave, or bore, is coming. Then they all get above high-water line and are safe. It is at the great spring tides that the bore is most to be dreaded.

Edgar's home was a merry one. He had brothers and sisters to play with in the big garden. They had many pets—dogs, cats, ponies, chickens, a parrot, rabbits, and a tame thrush that flew about the garden as it pleased. In the holidays their kind mother often asked their school friends to stay at the house, and did her best to make them all enjoy themselves.

The gray parrot Polly and two of the dogs, Jack and Fly, belonged to Edgar, and he was very fond of them. Polly talked well, but was very tricky. Fly was a toy terrier; her coat was black and smooth as satin, and her tiny paws were a lovely tan. Edgar was very proud of her, for she was very clever. Fly was Edgar's *special* pet; but Punch, the Exmoor pony, was the pet of the whole house. He was a perfect little horse for beauty, as tricky as Polly and as clever as Fly.

One day Edgar thought he would go for a good long ride on Punch. He set off at a quick pace, and he took Jack, his young pointer, with him, for Jack always howled loudly if his master left him at home.

First Edgar rode to the town not far away to leave a message at a friend's for his mother; then he trotted Punch along the riverside towards the sea. The tide was low, and the sand good to gallop on. The banks grew steep as he went on, till at last they were quite high. Sea-gulls and many kinds of wild fowl dived and fished in the water, and the grebes looked so pretty that Edgar reined up Punch to watch them.

He quite forgot that in some places along the river there were quicksands, and he was so intent on the birds' gambols that it was not till a dull roaring sounded in his ears that he thought of riding on. He knew that sound was the bore coming, and that it would soon reach that part of the river where he was, and fill the channel from bank to bank.

So he gave Punch's bridle a shake. "We'll go up the bank, old fellow," said he, and flicked the intelligent little animal softly with his riding-whip. Edgar knew that Punch could climb like a goat, and was as sure-footed, so he had no fear. But Punch only gave a sort of jerky struggle and stood still: he had not lifted a foot! Edgar looked down, and great was his dismay to see that Punch's hoofs were quite sunk in the sand. Then, too late, he bethought him of the dreaded quicksands between the tide lines, and his heart gave a great thump against his side.

Punch seemed to know that something was wrong. He tried to lift his feet, and began to tremble when he found he could not, for the quicksand held them fast. Louder and nearer sounded the bore. Edgar sprang from Punch's back. He might have run up the bank and been safe at once; but instead of doing that he seized one of poor Punch's fore legs, and tugged at it with all his might. Punch pulled too, and by the strength of them both one little hoof was dragged out of the sand.

But it would sink again, Edgar knew perfectly well, before the other legs could be freed; for all this time he had to keep shifting his own feet, or he would have been stuck fast in the quicksand himself. And every second the roar of the bore grew louder. What could he do? Leave Punch to drown? No, he could not do that.

Edgar was quick-witted as well as brave. He snatched his cap from his head and put it crown downward on

the sand, and *in* the crown he set Punch's little hoof, that the sand might not suck round it. Then he tugged at the other fore leg. "Pull, Punch, pull," he cried; "I won't leave you to drown." Punch pulled hard, and up at last came the other hoof—two feet free!

But louder, nearer came that awful roar. "What can I put under this hoof? Oh, my handkerchief," thought Edgar. Quick as thought he snatched his handkerchief out, and spread it on the sand under Punch's second hoof. The roar grew louder. Punch was all a-tremble now, and in his eyes was a wild look of fear. Edgar clinched his teeth hard as he tugged at Punch's hind leg. All this time he had to keep moving his own feet about, or the quicksand would have sucked them in and held him fast. Edgar struck the pony's leg; it was life or death now. "Pull, Punch!" he shouted. Punch tugged and tugged: his hoof was free at last! Three legs free! Louder, nearer came the bore. Edgar looked up. He could *see* the great wave now in the distance, like a wall of water rushing on. He sprang to Punch's head, caught his bridle, and rushed towards the bank. Punch gave a mighty struggle. "Hurrah! he's free at last." Up the bank they dashed together—just in time! As Edgar turned and looked down the bore rushed past.

He drew a long, long breath, and patted Punch's sleek neck. "It was a *shave*, old fellow; but I did not desert you," he said as he jumped on Punch's back. "Now let's go home." And they went.

## On the Rocks.

KATHERINE was the first to suggest it.

"Let's go away out on the rocks," she said to Dick. "We can see them so much better if we get closer."

"We'll frighten them," answered her brother, "and perhaps they will fly away and never come back."

"They ought to know by this time that we are good friends and will not harm them," insisted Katherine.

So off they started down the long beach which lay in front of the seaside cottage where Katherine and Dick Ferrars were passing the summer with their parents. All the happy weeks since their arrival they had been greatly interested in a little flock of wild ducks, which were often seen on the water near a ledge of rock which ran far out into the sea. For hours at a time, and sometines for a whole day, the ducks would float on the waves beyond the rocks. They attended only to their own business, whatever it was. Of the children they were not the least bit afraid. Katherine and Dick often watched them, and called to them from the shore. Now the children were going to try to get better acquainted with the ducks.

They ran along on the hard sand—for the tide was far out—stopping frequently to pick up a curious shell or to look at a strange bit of seaweed left behind by the waves.

"There comes Nell!" suddenly exclaimed Dick as he looked back. "She must not come: she will frighten the ducks."

"Go home, Nell! go home!" shouted Katherine.

The little pet spaniel paused doubtfully; and then, as the command was repeated, she dropped her tail sorrowfully between her legs, and trotted slowly back towards the cottage.

When the children reached the rocks they started bravely out over the rough ledge toward the sparkling blue waters of the bay. They made their way with much care, for the water was now close on either side of them, and once in a while a rock was so high that they had to help each other in clambering over it. At last they were well out to the end, and from the top of the largest and highest rock they looked eagerly round for their friends, the ducks.

But the ducks did not wish to be too friendly. While Katherine and Dick had been scrambling over the rocks, they had been swimming a little distance out into the bay. There they paused and looked back—seemingly not alarmed, but still preferring to keep at a safe distance.

In vain did the children call to them and coax them to come back. For an hour or two they sat on the big rock and waited for the ducks to return to their familiar haunt at the end of the ledge.

"Oh, see what has happened!" cried Katherine in dismay. "The tide is coming in, and we are cut off from the shore!"

"It isn't deep yet; let's hurry," urged Dick. But they soon found that it was too deep for them to wade through in some of the places between the rocks.

"Somebody will be sure to see us," said Dick bravely; "and perhaps the tide does not cover the rocks all over."

"Yes, it does," replied Katherine.

They strained their eyes up and down the beach, but not a person was in sight. Little by little the water climbed higher on the rocks after each hurrying wave rushed shoreward. They shouted and shouted, but there was no response except the washing of the surf on the beach and rocks.

Suddenly there was a sound of barking on the beach. Nell was pawing the sand and talking to them in dog language as best she could. Then, almost before they had time to call to her, she had rushed off up the beach.

"Oh, I know!" breathlessly cried Katherine. "Nell has gone for help!"

And that was just what Nell had done. When she came into the cottage, barking so furiously, it was at once plain that something was wrong outside, and Mr. Ferrars ran down to the beach.

A few moments later he had waded out to the slippery ledge, where the water was now above his waist in places, and soon he brought both children on his shoulders to the shore.

"And to think," said Katherine at last, "that we sent Nell home!"

## Solomon the Wise.

WHEN our kings die at the present day, a new king is immediately proclaimed, and the people shout "Long live the King!" So it was in the days of King David and of his son, King Solomon. Although the people were sorry that David, who had long been old and frail, was dead, they gladly welcomed his son. To him they looked for the long-promised temple, where they could all go and worship God their Lord. The temple was to be built on the hill of Zion, within the walls of Jerusalem, the Holy City, which has since the end of the Great War been restored to the Jews. It was some years before Solomon had everything ready for the building of this great stone temple. He gathered together many of the ablest and cleverest workmen in Palestine, and in other countries, to do the work for him. He also commanded his own subjects to work, keeping them for one month and letting them free for the next two.

The temple was built after the Egyptian manner, with great courts open to the blue sky above; and in the centre was a building with a roof, in which was the Holy of holies. In this part were kept the ark of God and other sacred treasures of the Israelites. It took eleven years to build this great house of God. But the great temple now stood before the people, and they could worship God both within its holy walls and without them.

Solomon was very young when he became king. He knew little of his people and of his people's ways, there-

fore it was hard for him to follow in the footsteps of his righteous and God-fearing father. Soon after he ascended the throne, God spoke to him in a dream one night and said, "Ask what I shall give you." Solomon, had he been foolish, would no doubt have asked for greater glory and greater wealth; but instead of this he was sensible, and said, "O Lord, I am like a little child: I know not how to act. Give me therefore an understanding heart, that I may know what is good and what is bad; for who is able to judge so great a people?"

God was pleased that Solomon asked for wisdom, and He granted him his desire; but in addition to that He also gave him glory, and riches, and honour, and long life.

It is a great help to any one who has to govern when he understands the feelings people have in their hearts. This was part of the knowledge God granted to Solomon. He also gave him a knowledge of everything He had made, and the king could speak wisely about trees, and plants, and insects, and birds, and animals.

Great people came to Jerusalem to visit Solomon. There he had built himself a beautiful palace, and everything

at his court was done with great show and splendour. He also built great walls and towers and castles around Jerusalem, and his fame as a king spread abroad to far distant lands.

In a country far away to the south there lived a queen who, when she heard of the wisdom and greatness of the king of Israel, resolved to make a journey to Jerusalem, and see and hear for herself if all this were true. Many things perplexed her weak mind, and she thought that Solomon, if he was as wise as people said he was, could tell her many things she wished to know. She therefore made all the preparations for her journey. She took many servants with her, and many camels laden with gifts of gold and gems and costly spices to give to the great king.

When she arrived at Jerusalem, the Queen of Sheba found out that all she had heard about Solomon had been true, and she even proved for herself that he was far greater and wiser than the people said.

When this beautiful, dusky queen departed from Jerusalem, Solomon gave her many precious and valuable gifts; but no doubt she found the value of the talks she had with this wise ruler greater than all the jewels and gold he had bestowed upon her.

With all his great wisdom, however, it is regrettable that the last part of the history of this king is sad. He had married many wives, and some of them were women who worshipped idols instead of the true God; and when he was old, he also forgot the true God, and built places in which these false gods might be worshipped. God was very angry with him for this, and said that the son who should succeed him as king of Israel would be king of part of the kingdom only. So you see that the end of the reign of Solomon the Wise was marred by the fact that he had not served God fully. People in distant lands heard of his magnificence and glory, and thought how great and good he was. But his own people knew better, and in the end did not reverence him and love him. On the contrary, they hated him, and were glad when he was dead.

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## An Accepted Invitation.

THE Austrian humorous writer of the nineteenth century, M. G. Saphir, was as ready with his tongue as with his pen, as the following anecdote will show. Among his friends was a Madame Lämmel, who was renowned for her stinginess. Although she loved to have people of culture at her table, she would not open her purse enough to make that table attractive.

Once, after a particularly poor and scanty dinner, Madame Lämmel asked her guest,—

"And when, my dear Saphir, would you dine with me again?"

Saphir heaved a hungry sigh. "At once."

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## Motto for September.

*There is only one key to success, and that is perseverance.*—M. BARRINGTON.

Sent in by SYLVIA HOWE,
93 St. Mary's Road, Oxford,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

## A Russian Fairy Story.

COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY, the son of the famous Russian author, tells the following story of the woods where his father is buried.

"My story has no setting time or space," writes the count. . . . "Two boys roamed through the woods telling each other stories.

"They were talking of love—how all men will some day become brothers. Nikolenka wrote the word on a green little stick, and said that before men could become brothers this word must be known. That was ages ago, when the stick was buried, and the boy said that whoever found the stick would make all men happy.

"After the passage of time peasants came to the slope and dug a three-yard grave at the summit, and the next day, when a multitude of people gathered, they lowered the corpse of a gray, robust old man. Behind the slope a hare builds his lair.

"Then night comes. The whole western horizon is purple-red with fire, the sky is bathed in blood. War! Shadows of the oaks lie upon the snow when a ghost rises from the grave. In his hands he holds a green little stick. The ghost roams through houses, humble huts, and hamlets, speaking the word to every one, and every one understands.

"But the west still burns—is still aflame. The ghost hurries his steps to the westward.

"Confused and disconcerted people rush by. He wanted to tell them the word, but his feeble voice was drowned by the roar of thunder in the fumes of smoke.

"After gazing long on the furnace, the ghost wended his way back to the slope of the seven oaks. And the fire will be extinguished because the green little stick is there.

"I cannot express in any other way the message of my father to humanity. . . . The ideas of Christ that were understood as my father understood them are eternal ideas. That is why I do not speak about peace between nations . . . because the idea of Christ is wider. His teaching was not peace simply. His teaching was love."

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## A Substantial Stuffing.

A SOLDIER in the hospital at Gibraltar, having been a long time on low diet, was asked by his doctor if he would like a chicken.

"Yes, please, sir," he replied.

"Would you like it stuffed?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, please, sir," answered the soldier.

"What would you like it stuffed with?" was the doctor's next question.

"Another chicken," replied the soldier.

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## Golden Text for the Month.

*The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus.*—1 THESSALONIANS v. 23.

## Scientific Amusements.

### The Principle of the Pulley Block —A Child pulling against Four Men.

ASK four of the company to arrange themselves in pairs to pull against each other in a tug-of-war of a novel kind. Each pair will grasp the long shafts of a separate broom. Then placing them about a yard apart, tie to one of the shafts a rope, and pass the rope four or five times round the shafts, care being taken not to allow the cords to cross one another. Holding the free end in your hand, you tell the four stalwarts that you will bring the two shafts together, however much they may resist by pulling with all their strength. You simply have to retire rapidly, pulling the rope with all the force you can exert, and the shafts with their struggling holders will be drawn together. The principle is the same as in blocks of pulleys. Whatever pull you exert on the rope will produce between the shafts an attracting pull proportional to the number of strands of rope between them. For example, if the rope has been carried round the shafts five complete times, giving ten connecting strands, the force which you exert on the rope will be increased tenfold between the shafts.

The relation between force and distance is the same as is met with in pulleys—what is gained in power is lost in speed. If the shafts approach each other by one foot, the free end of the string will pass through ten feet. If you cannot retire with this speed, you must pull the rope rapidly through your hands.

A very amusing variation on this experiment is to perform it on a smooth, well-waxed floor. Give the free end into the hands of a small boy, and he will be able to resist the efforts of the four men in pulling the shafts away from each other.

## Coal.

Down in a coal mine
Underneath the ground,
Where a gleam of sunshine
Never can be found;
Digging dusty diamonds
All the seasons round,
Down in a coal mine
Underneath the ground.

BOB EVANS knew what a coal mine was like. He had been down one, and had seen the men digging out the dusty diamonds, and the boys driving the horses with their loads of coal to the mouth of the pit.

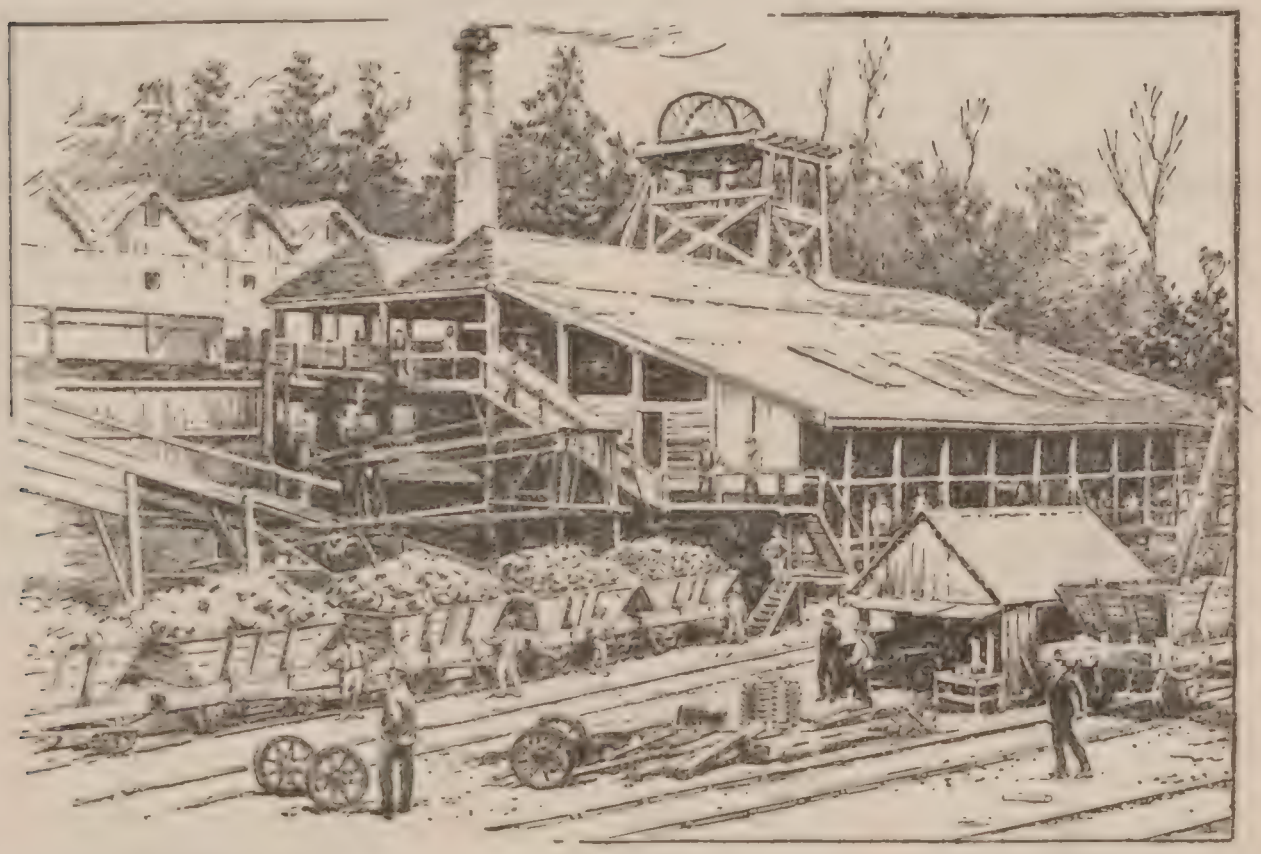
"It's awful," he said to Tom, when telling him all about it. "The colliers dig the coal out of holes so small that they have to lie down on their backs whilst digging.

"Then they carry lamps covered with wire gauze to prevent the gas from getting to the light."

"I suppose it would explode if it did get to the light," observed Tom.

"Yes," answered Bob; "and the men would perhaps be burnt to death. Or, if they escaped burning, they would very likely be poisoned by the foul air."

"I have read," said Tom, "of



colliers being drowned. How does the water get to them, Bob?"

"They strike a hole in the coal," replied his cousin, "and the water comes in from old workings or from underground wells of water."

"Mr. Jones, our master, told us that a mine is something like a town,"

said Tom; "how is that, Bob? I suppose he meant that the passages that run in all directions are like the streets of a town."

"You know the coal lies in layers like this," and Bob put a copybook between two other books as he spoke. "The men dig sideways and not downwards, in order to follow the coal in every direction that it goes.

"That is why the passages or streets are made. Sometimes they go right under the sea, and the men are said to hear the beating of the waves as they dig."

"I should be afraid the sea would break in," said Tom in a queer voice. It made him feel timid to think of the men digging not only underneath the ground, but under the sea as well.

"What a pity it is that we can't do without coal!" he continued.

"Do without coal," said Bob; "and have no fires, no gas, no engines, no factories? Why, half the people of England would starve."

"Isn't it strange, Tom, that hard black coal should have been formed from soft white wood. Yet I have seen bits of coal with the leaves of ferns marked on them. And trunks of trees have been found embedded in the coal.

"So there is no doubt that coal was once wood. It has been changed into coal by the heat of the earth and by the pressure of the rocks above it."

"I can't understand how such a great change took place," said Tom. "But perhaps we shall understand better when we are older."

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## Postmark Competition.

The Postmarks above indicate the names of six towns. The Editor offers two prizes for the two most correct and the neatest answers. This competition is open to all ages up to sixteen.

## A Brave Boy.

WHEN Admiral Campbell was a boy he was employed on a small coasting vessel. A king's officer came on board to take men for the Royal Navy. All the seamen were seized, leaving only the captain and the boy Campbell to work the ship. One man had a large family, and was in such deep distress about it that he wept like a child. Campbell was so much affected by the sight that he begged the officer to take him instead of the man.

"Ay, ay, my lad, that I will!" he exclaimed; "for I had much rather have a boy of spirit than a blubbering man; come along!"

His generous conduct secured him the goodwill of his messmates on the man-of-war; even the captain heard the story, and, watching the boy at his post, he was soon able to promote him. His kindness made him friends everywhere, and by steady attention to his duty he was soon raised to the highest post in the English navy.

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## Palissy and his Search for Enamel.

PALISSY the potter began life as a portrait painter.

One day he saw an antique Italian or German earthen cup covered with white enamel. He there and then began to seek for this white enamel. He knew nothing of enamels or clays; but he pounded and ground chemicals, and baked fragments of pots, till he had spent his all.

He was beginning to lose courage, and had gone for the last time to the glass furnace, having with him three hundred trial pieces, which he put in one by one into the furnace. What was his delight to find that *one of these three hundred* pieces melted in four hours, and came out white and polished.

To keep his secret he afterwards built a furnace of his own with his own hands. For other eight years he had to try again and again before he overcame all his difficulties. His mixtures were wrong, his fires were too hot or too weak. His enamel did not melt. For six days and six nights he fed his fire.

At last his fuel was exhausted. He rushed into his garden; he tore up the palings. They crackled and burned; but yet the enamel did not melt.

Then he dashed into his house. He broke up the tables, tore up the flooring. The flames leapt upwards, and then—*hurrah! the enamel melts!*

But, alas! the flints of the furnace were mixed with the enamel, and he had to build a new furnace. His wife loaded him with reproaches, and his neighbours called him a fool.

He, however, had faith and courage and hopefulness, and for these eight years he persevered. Success at last rewarded him.

His vases and mouldings, beautiful with colours and graceful with the outlines of plants and animals, were hailed as genuine works of art. They commanded a ready sale at costly prices, and important works were entrusted to him by the nobles of France.

## THE SERIAL STORY.

# Smugglers' Island and the Devil Fires of San Moros.

*BY CLARISSA A. KNEELAND.*

### CHAPTER IX.

DISASTER AND A NEW TASK.

THE second big storm that burst upon the children was fully as severe as the one that had welcomed the children to the Island, though they did not realize what they were in for till midnight. When it began to blow so strong that they were really sure a storm was coming, Delbert took their best ropes and securely moored the logs of the Muggywah to the tree, thinking it barely possible that the waves might reach up to them if the wind kept on increasing. And such a terrible wind as it threatened to be!

They turned the little burros loose with their mothers—there were four of them that year—and the one little pig that they happened to have in the pen was also turned out to seek its shelter where it chose. The little girls tried to get it into the wickiup, but it was wild and escaped them, and Marian told them to let it go, that it would take care of itself.

They gathered in the best of the melons, for there was no knowing if there would be one left by morning, the sandy point was so low; and they piled up a great stack of wood and *pitalla* by the fireplace, and then it was too dark to do any more.

The wind howled and the waves broke on the beach like mighty thunders. The thatch of their roof struggled to be gone, and the water poured down the wall in a steady sheet. Fortunately, it could soak through the sand and rocks of the floor and run off down the hill as fast as it came in; otherwise they would have been flooded. The window and the storm doors were tied as tightly as possible, and Marian watched them closely and thanked her stars that she had insisted on taking such endless pains to have everything about the house solid and sure.

Of course, they were protected somewhat by the cliff, and the girl shuddered to think what would have happened had they not been. She imagined how it would seem to go crawling through the fury of the storm, holding to one another's hands, beaten to the ground and half drowned, and finally reaching the old Cave, the only possible other shelter, and crawling in, soaked and chilled, to lie, packed like sardines in a box, till morning.

It was not a pleasant picture; she was glad to come back to the reality—the interior of the wickiup, somewhat disorderly with so much wood and everything piled away from the rock wall, but warm and dry and safe; Delbert stretched out by the fireplace, a great strong boy, his eyes, steady and straightforward, regarding the flames as they spluttered in protest against the water that found its way down the chimney; Davie sprawling at her feet, sleeping in utter carelessness of the storm, well knowing that

whatever happened he would be taken care of; the two girls on a blanket beyond him, awake, and Jennie a little nervous, but Esther calmly confident that everything would turn out all right—that they were, and would continue to be, safe.

Marian's throat swelled a little as she watched them. How dear they were, every one, and so big and strong now, even Davie! Surely now, when this storm was over and the Muggywah repaired, they might start back to the Port. The first few miles outside the shelter of the bay would be the worst. The waves were always very big and high out there, but after that—well, they might not make very good time, but what mattered it if they were a week on the way so that they got there at last? They could take food and water with them, though for that matter they could go hungry and thirsty if need be; what mattered it so that they got home?

All that night the wind tore at them; all the next day it screamed about their ears, and the breakers on the beach were like great guns of a battle. The next night it calmed down, and the next morning they sallied forth to take account of the damage done.

They found a considerable amount of damage — the felling of many banana plants, half the patch in fact, the complete disappearance of every melon vine on the point, every plant in the garden beaten into the ground, the little pig gone, and their carefully gathered woodpile scattered to the four winds. But all this sank into insignificance beside the fact that not one log of the Muggywah was left to them. The tree had been uprooted and washed away bodily, and all search up and down the beaches revealed no trace of it. The great storm had cast many treasures at their feet, but they were so dispirited over their losses that they could not be very joyful over the gains.

Mechanically they lugged the wood up out of reach of the waves, which were still pounding angrily, gathered in a number of new bottles, and took note of the great masses of seaweed that would make fresh carpet when it was dry. But with all the wood there was no log like those of the lost Muggywah, and with all their gazing to sea they could not see anything that might of a bare possibility be an uprooted tree.

They fashioned a poor sort of a raft out of the best pieces of the driftwood, and with its aid explored the outer reefs and *esteros* and even as far as the egg islands. The raft was clumsy and slow and generally unmanageable, and Delbert said that it made him sick just to look at it; but they wanted to go longer distances than they could swim, and the float was made to serve.

At the end of about two weeks, however, Delbert said: "It's no use, Marian. We are only wasting time. The Muggywah simply did not lodge anywhere near us. Maybe it didn't lodge at all; it may be going yet, in three different directions, and our best ropes with it."

"Yes, more's the pity, Delbert. I hate losing your hair rope about

as bad as losing the Muggywah herself."

"Well"—and the boy's jaw set solid and square—"there's not a bit more use crying over a lost boat than there is in crying over spilt milk. We can't find it, and we haven't got a stick of timber fit to put into a new one either. We can't walk back to the Port; it would be hundreds of miles to follow the coastline, and we should be sure to get lost if we tried any short cuts. If Davie was a couple of years older, I'd say to risk it. But we aren't going to wait two more years. I want to see mother." His voice broke a little, but he conquered it and went on. "There is only one thing to do; it has been in my head kind of hazy for some time, but now I've got it clear: we must fix the old canoe, Marian."

"How?" asked Marian quietly, for she had never been able to think of any way to do that.

"Well, we must put a framework in the side that is gone—the hole, you know. I'm not sure yet just what is the best material, but I think palm-leaf stems would be—we can burn holes through the canoe to fasten to—a solid framework, that will not break and give way at any little tap, and as near the shape of the other side as we can make it. Then we'll weave in basket-work, strong as we can, and, as we go, pack all the cracks full of fibre and *pitalla* tar. I've got it all studied out, Marian. We'll weave the basketwork double, with a space between, and in that space we can put stones—just enough to make that side of the canoe as heavy as the other. We'll mix the fibre and tar together and pound it down as we go along, and when it's all finished, if there come any cracks, we can fill them in with cotton and tar; and if we can't jam it in tight enough but that it still leaks some, why, one of us can bail all the time."

"Do you know how to make *pitalla* tar?"

Delbert threw up his head.

"Yes, I do! That is *one* thing I saw made that I paid enough attention to, to know how it was done. Bobbie's Uncle Jim used to try it out. Don't you remember? He had a place fixed down by the old blacksmith shop, and we kids were always fooling around there, and he showed and explained all about it to us."

"And for a wonder you listened?" asked Jennie.

"For a wonder I listened," he answered, smiling grimly.

"Good boy!" said Marian. "From now on we bend our energies to the canoe. When it is done, we won't wait for anything more—once we can sail it—we won't wait for anything more except a still day. The first still day we'll start for home."

Delbert had a great time making a retort to extract his tar. He found a place near High-Tide Pool where there was a hole in the rock which he could utilize, and he built it up with stones and earth till it suited him.

Then they began gathering the *pitalla*. They had gathered everything near them for the fireplace, but they knew where there was plenty

more to be had, so they went after it—up the *estero*, past the tide-flats toward the lagoon. There they could gather it, pile it high on the clumsy raft, and float it home as they had brought the thatch-grass. It was slow work, but there was no other way. It was not so easy to get down to the *estero* as the grass had been, for the *pitalla* is thorny indeed; but they managed it somehow, because they had to. They could gather a good deal on the shores nearer home, but nowhere was there such an abundance as beyond that particular *estero*.

They decided, however, never to leave the home Island alone. They had seen several canoes since the storm, and they hoped one might come into San Moros and near enough to be signalled. Delbert and the girls were perfectly capable of gathering the *pitalla* and bringing it home; so Marian and Davie stayed at home to do the work there and watch the bay for canoes.

Marian put in a little garden, for they could not tell how long it might take them to finish the canoe, and she planted part of the melon-patch over again, thinking that what they did not reap perhaps some one else would. She straightened up the bananas and mended the fence where they had dragged the old canoe out of it.

As soon as they had got quite a little pile of *pitalla*, they began to burn it in the retort, and some one had to watch that and attend to it. Delbert was sure that he lost a great deal of tar because his retort was so crude. He was sure Bobbie's Uncle Jim got much more out of a pile of *pitalla* than he did, but he had to manage as best he could. And the tar did come; it trickled down into the little dishpan slowly but surely, and Delbert, impatient though he was, would set his face toward the *estero* and bring more *pitalla*.

Every morning the three were in such a hurry to get off that they did not stop for a hot breakfast, and they took only a light lunch with them for noon, but Marian always had a good hot meal ready for them upon their return. The destruction of the garden was a drawback, for the little new one was not of service yet. Still, not all the plants had been destroyed by the storm; some had been rescued, straightened up, washed, and tied to stakes, and were pursuing the even tenor of their way again, and, of course, the turnips and carrots that had already attained their growth were as good as ever, and the newly planted seeds would soon be making quite a showing.

Twice since the storm Delbert had killed a deer, and the meat was not allowed to spoil. What could not be cooked immediately was salted and dried, some of it smoked, and all was watched carefully to thwart the flies. When the raft came back at night it would bring game of some kind—a rabbit killed in the brush of the shore or a fish speared on the way down the *estero*. These would be put into the kettle and left simmering over the coals till morning, or wrapped in green banana leaves and buried in the hot coals, to be raked out hastily for breakfast; and of the remnants

Marian would make a stew to have piping hot for supper, flanked by a dish of greens which she and Davie had picked.

As they ran across them, the children brought in other things that they needed—tough sticks, or mescal plants to make ropes of—and Davie was always waiting for them on the pier to see what the particular booty of the day was and to carry it up to the wickiup to show Marian. And Marian always had warm water ready for them; and when they had washed off the day's accumulation of dirt, and combed the tangled hair and braided it anew—they did not stop for that in the morning—they would sit down and eat; and they always ate all Marian had prepared for them, too, and then filled up on bananas, and chattered and chattered like a flock of birds all the time. Then they would go down and unload the *pitalla* and carry it over to the retort, and by that time they were ready to settle down in the wickiup in front of the *pitalla* fire for a rest.

When Marian thought that it was long enough since they had eaten, and about bedtime—her watch had stopped the year before—they would go down to the water and have their swim.

They would take the raft away out from shore and have oceans of fun plunging from it, diving, swimming races, floating, in short doing everything that could be done in the water.

A favourite game was "rescue." One of them would fall overboard with a yell of "Oh, save me!" and then do as little as possible to help himself, while another one would dive in after him, and those on the raft would paddle it off a little, so as to give the gallant rescuer scope for his or her endeavours. They got so that there was not one of them—except Davie—who could not take care of himself and one other in the water, and even Davie could make a very respectable attempt at it.

Delbert and Esther were the best swimmers; they could do the most difficult stunts. In a straight swim, though, Marian would outlast Esther, while Jennie fell considerably behind her.

Moonlight nights were best for this play. Marian, her paddle in hand, watched them with exultation in her heart, they were so strong and full of grace; and they were hers—she had thought, studied, prayed, watched, and worked for them. Once she had read a novel whose hero had been described as being "straight and handsome as a young god." That was the phrase that always came into her mind out there on the raft as she watched Delbert—"straight and handsome as a young god"—but she never said it aloud.

It was always hard to coax them back to land on these nights, but sooner or later they had to go, and they would then huddle about the fire a little, drying their hair, before they lay down to sleep soundly till morning. Then early the three would be up and off, generally taking their breakfast with them to eat on the way up the *estero*, while Marian and Davie took up their daily tasks.

(*To be continued.*)

## Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 180. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than **September 15.**

**[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]**

## Competitions for September.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

**Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.**

*In each Competition the Editor offers two prizes.*

**For all Ages up to Sixteen.**

STORY COMPETITION.

Write a short original story of an adventure you had, or are supposed to have had, during your summer holidays. (Not to exceed 300 words.)

DISGUISED PROVERBS.

In each line of words change one letter of each word, and then rearrange the position of the words to make a well-known proverb. What are the three proverbs?

So can any fur side tire bait.
Mary she looks ton booth spool.
Hush I bind tie on it hard as she too forth.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing (a little larger) of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Describe in your own words how and why Esau sold his birthright.
2. What do you know of Stephen?

**For Children under Twelve only.**

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Read carefully the story entitled "On the Rocks," on page 164, and retell it briefly in your own words.

DROPPED LETTER COMPETITION.

A .o.l a.d .i. m..e. .r. s..n .a.t.d.

(*The sentence is a well-known saying.*)

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a motor boat, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell in your own words the story of Solomon, on page 166.

**For Children under Ten only.**

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her about your baby brother or sister, or if you don't have one, about a baby you know.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a parrot, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

**MOTTO COMPETITION.**

**The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.**

## Prize List for July.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton. 2. D. Lonsdale, 93 Whitehall Road, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

*Honourable Mention.*—Freda Combe, Hollist, Midhurst, Sussex; Pat Moan, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Thomas Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

AGE COMPETITION.

1. Edith M'Gregor, 73 Comiston Drive, Edinburgh. 2. Maisie Silvey, 87 Avenue Road, Lurgan, Co. Armagh.

*Honourable Mention.*—Eileen Brann, Ballyeaston, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim; W. Norwood, The Bull, Wooburn Green, Bucks.

*The ages were: Father, 50⅜ years; mother, 38⅝ sister, 16¼; Bobby, 9⅝.*

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Saxon Jenkins, Wenvoe School, near Cardiff. 2. Cecilia Pattison, Green Mount, Grimshaw Lane, Bollington, near Macclesfield.

*Honourable Mention.*—Ivy Stubbs, Minshull Vernon Church of England School, near Crewe; Winifred Lindley, 29 Winfield Mount, Blackmoor Lane, Leeds; Lottie Pell and Doris Matthews, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, near Leicester.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Mary Mitchell, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. 2. Kitty Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

*Honourable Mention.*—Margaret Bligh, 71 Melville Road, Leeds; Minnie Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal; Monica Williams, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

1. Olive Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, near Romford. 2. Mary Mitchell, 7 Bankfield View, Woodside, Halifax.

*Honourable Mention.*—Gertrude Wilkes and Mollie Caines, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Bessie Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Hilda Hooton, The Old Farm, Cock Hill Lane, Rubery, Birmingham; Marjorie Newman, 32 Borwis Hill, Penzance.

JUMBLED LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Richard Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring, Herts. 2. Evelyn Wills, 27 Aston Street, Iffley Road, Oxford.

*Honourable Mention.*—Edna Milford, Society Street, Coleraine, Co. Derry; Willie Pattison, Green Mount, Grimshaw Lane, Bollington, near Macclesfield; Ethel Devon, Church of England School, Knowstone, South Molton; Audrey Bartlett, Glenburnie, Bideford.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Edwin Horn, Schoolhouse, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring, Herts. 2. Stanley Summerfield, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake, near Leicester.

*Honourable Mention.*—E. Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Nellie Daniels, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Annie Spedding, 11 Chapel Lane, Southowram, Halifax. 2. Violet Banks, 6 Oakland Road, Dovercourt Bay.

*Honourable Mention.*—John Dunn and George Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Evelyn Graham, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, near Leicester; George Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, near Romford.

LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Ruth Lisbona, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. 2. Colin Pond, Elm Bank, Little Bursted, near Billericay, Essex.

*Honourable Mention.*—Edward Wood, Winnie Crossland, and Phyllis Browne, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Bernard Gibbs and Gladwys Holland, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Ernest Cole, 103 Hertford Street, Landport, Portsmouth. 2. Marion Williams, Stoneybridge School, Belbrougthon.

*Honourable Mention.*—Marjorie Moore, Amy Giles, and Ella Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Cuthbert Mardell, Hopebrook Farm, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring.

POSTMARK COMPETITION.

1. Evelyn Clokey, 1 Crumlin Terrace, 53 Crumlin Road, Belfast. 2. Ernest Hunter, 34 Cairns Road, Cambuslang.

*The postmarks were: Utrecht, Valparaiso, Toronto, Stockholm, Singapore, Saarbrucken.*

## Another Tongue Twister.

A DUEL was lately fought in Texas between Alexander Shott and John Nott. It was rumoured that Nott was shot and Shott was not. (If so, it was better to be Shott than Nott.) But it was afterwards proved that the shot Shott shot at Nott shot Shott by accident, and the shot Nott shot at Shott shot past, and so shot him not. Thus the affair resolved itself into its original elements, and Shott was shot and Nott was not.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM. September.

*Name*..... *Age last Birthday*.....

*Address*.....

*Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.*

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